

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1829.

NO. 15.

FOR THE ARIEL. FRIENDSHIP. TO —

Friend of my youth, how often do I gaze,
In fond delight, upon my early days;
When sunny prospects bounded all my view,
And heav'n bestow'd a tender friend in you!
Thy bosom glow'd with feelings warmly kind,
That shed a halo round thy youthful mind.
As rich perfume emitted from the rose,
Scents the mild breeze which o'er its beauty blows.
But thou art one whose love fades not away,
Like the frail beauty of a summer's day;
In weal or woe thou ever art the same,
Prompt at each moment to protect the name
Of Friendship; which the idle world would deem,
The shadowy phantom of an airy dream:
But, Oh! believe not what the world may say,
For Friendship sheds its bright undying ray,
E'en o'er the deep, dark mansion of the tomb,
Where the cold relics of our friends consume;
Nor stops e'en here, but lifts its tearful eye,
While faith transports it to the distant sky;
Where tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye away,
And Friendship brightens in unclouded day.

AFFECTION'S TEAR.

There is a tear more pure and bright
Than even morn's first blushing light;
It sparkles with a milder glow,
Than sunbeams on the woven snow;
It is a purer, sweeter gem,
Than ever breath'd on rose-bud stem;
Oh! yes, 'tis even lovelier far,
Than evening's first and lonely star;
For 'tis that holy sacred tear,
Affection claims her offspring dear.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN. A TALE.

The evening air blew chilling cold: Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the wood-house for faggots. Ellen was left alone; her eye fell on the stump of a withered rose tree. "That was Edward's gift," said she mournfully. "Peace is now restored; he will return; he will think I have neglected it, for alas! it is withered. But no! Edward must come no more to our cottage." Hearing the returning steps of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear, for well she knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: "Mercy! my child, come and listen; sure I heard the Abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale: she listened with breathless agitation: again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. "Oh!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely and virtuous child of honest peasants; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports on the lawns before the Abbey, Edward had often gladly joined—often pressed the fair hand of Ellen to his lips, and breathed in her ear accents of pure and unchangeable love; but paren-

tal authority interposed, and Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted, yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite; Sir Owen granted his petition; and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered abroad; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed. "For Heaven's sake! my child," said Gwinneth, "be composed. I will step to the gate and see if any one passes from the Abbey. Dear, now be comforted." Gwinneth stepped to the gate. "Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill!" These words revived Ellen: she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill; he seemed to walk feebly, and leaned on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," cried Ellen, "that is Edward's form;" but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed. His dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been exposed—for Edward it was—and love soon revealed to him the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment each of his hands was seized by Gwinneth and her child; who, forgetting in the first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage. But inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in anguish exclaiming, "Alas! he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings. I alone seemed doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was engaged, required despatch and execution; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend, and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of my commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror. For this I was broke, and discharged with ignominy." Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance: the poor old woman sobbed aloud. "I returned," said Edward, "in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness; for, would you believe it, Ellen? he has disinherited me." "How!" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature to be so wicked! A child he loved so dearly!" "True," returned Edward, "but you now behold me in sickness and sorrow, without a

friend to comfort or a home to shelter me." "Never, never, my dear young master," cried Gwinneth, "while the sticks of this poor cot hang together."—Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall and sighed deeply. "What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward, "will she not confirm the words of her mother?" "Ah, me!" said Ellen, "I was thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and happiness. She can do all that our wishes dictate." "But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of the Lady Hester." "And will you stay with us?" asked the enraptured Ellen, "oh we will be happy, happy enough in that case, and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged; for to you Edward we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance, and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source." "You are unjust to yourself, Ellen: instruction bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are but scant, though your heart is ample." "We will work the harder," said Gwinneth, "we knit and spin, and have a hundred ways of getting a penny, and when you get strong and healthy, you shall work." "Mr. Fitzmorris work!" exclaimed the indignant Ellen. "And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwinneth, "is there any disgrace in honest industry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when, with some juice of simples, which you Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all past misfortunes, and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen." "Excellent creature!" cried Edward, "my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away; on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey." Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes; but when Edward continued absent above two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in, and still Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream, wild with joy, exclaimed "He is coming!" He was supported by an elderly man, and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while

Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue; and the stranger accounted for the delay by saying that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. "Ah! you are cold and wet!" said Ellen. "No, my love, you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night." "And that lodge which was once your cruel father's, should now be yours;" said Ellen, "But no; he was not cruel, Edward, for he has given you to us." "Come, come; this is fine talking," cried Gwinneth, "while the poor youth is cold and hungry, and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks." "Do your eyes pain you, Edward?" inquired Ellen, "let me wash them with clear water." "They do indeed," said he. In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage, and his full expressive eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor. "Ellen, forgive this deception; it was my father's stratagem, and here he is to witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted by my noble commander to high military rank." "It is true, indeed," said the old gentleman, "I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor infirm soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance." Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen: she fell at the feet of Sir Owen; bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her oppressed heart. The rustic meal passed some time unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet. "Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen, "indeed I could not preserve it." "Heed it not," returned Edward, "it was a hot-house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received—

"Oh! let me then transplant thee safe into a richer soil,
And of my garden be the pride and joy."

Ellen, with blushing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the Abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make their heartfelt congratulations; and in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk in a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child—and to the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris, is now added the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

W. F.

Philadelphia, October 9, 1829.

SELECT TALES.

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.
THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

BY JAMES HALL.

After an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, not even a foot seemed to be stirring but my own. Every body slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchman slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-eminence over my fellow-citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, as cast into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept; mayor, aldermen, councils, the civil and the military, learning, and haughty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines, and patent machines, even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd—nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we behold the vast aggregation of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful and so buoyant a sensation is produced like that at which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm: a sense of the utter inadequateness of the human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like pouring oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from durance. Had not their outward forms been wordly, peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burthens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said—"Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

What a question! seldom have my nerves received such a shock. Not that there was anything alarming or disagreeable in the proposition; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! "Take charge of a lady," quoth he? I had been for years a candidate for this very honor. Never was there a more willing soul on the round world. I had always been rea-

dy to "take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my protection; and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms; I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying "Who'll eat me?" I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called to my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake, and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that some happier wight will "take charge of the lady," and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and, before I could frame a reply, he continued—"My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Johnson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steamboats, and she is obliged to go by land."

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say in a good time, that "It would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Johnson;" and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favor of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of conjugal tenderness, and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, "I am obliged to you, Sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavor to render Mrs. Johnson's journey safe, if not agreeable."

A hearty "Thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance," was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to their charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow Captain Johnson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have so devoted a wife! Here was a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Johnson! no sooner is he placed upon the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, except the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Johnson, continued I. Got the dengue perhaps, or perhaps the dyspepsia, they are both very fashionable complaints. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and very often an alarming visitor. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it often opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, un-

der such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Johnson, of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? the Rifle is a fine Regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the West—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regiments had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves any thing in uniform, perhaps because they are the very reverse of anything that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharpshooter, and could pick off an officer when disposed. What an eye she must have? A plague on Captain Johnson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or, why if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty, why had I not been Captain Johnson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts, not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off in every bye path. Thus it was that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul, must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter so inestimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pick-pocket—I might be Rowland Stephenson or Washington Irving—I might be Morgan, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the wandering Jew. I might be a vampire or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper, the novelist, for he is sometimes "a travelling bachelor," or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could not be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been; how would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign republics have been startled by the question "Pray friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in these soliloquies at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought it proper to break silence.

"It is a raw morning, Madam," said I. "Very raw," said she, and the conversation made a full stop.

"The roads appear to be rough," said

I, returning to the charge.

"Very rough," replied the lady.

Another full stop.

"Have you ever travelled in a stage before?" I enquired.

"Yes, Sir."

"But never so great a distance, perhaps?"

"No, never."

Another full stop.

I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of these commonplace matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious."

"What did you say about Mr. Rubicam?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

I repeated; and the lady replied, "Oh! yes, very likely;" and resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candour compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling to her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Johnson of the Rifle—fortunate man! whose wife, imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, she had received orders for actual service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady.

"Redheffer, ma'am."

"Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?"

"No, ma'am."

Then she set down to the table, and turned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within her cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

"Will you try an egg?" said I.

"I don't like eggs."

"Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl."

"I can't say that I am partial to the wing."

"A piece of the breast, then, Madam."

"It is very tough, isn't it?"

"No, it seems quite tender."

"It is done to rags, I'm afraid."

"Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife."

"Oh! horrible! it is raw!"

"On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this piece."

"I seldom eat fowls, except when cold."

"Then, Madam, here is a nice pullet—let me give you a merry thought; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought."

"Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast."

And my merry thought flashed in the pan.

"Perhaps, Sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some—"

"This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter.

"Oh la! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know it's so natural."

"Quite natural, Mrs. Redheffer."

"Maybe, Ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese—or a slice of apple-pye, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—"

I know not how the touchy gentleman would have taken this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before any could be made, the stage driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar! but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding lie between. The lady occupied one of these extremes, I know not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Johnson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly about herself and her "Pa." Her Pa was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out for marrying Captain Johnson. Her Pa was a merchant—he dealt in the shingle and board line.

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Capt. Johnson, of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land and sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion.

"At the sign of the Anchor, — street, Fell's Point," was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle Regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Does not your husband belong to that regiment?"

"La! bless you, no; Capt. Johnson isn't a soldier."

"I have been under a mistake, then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle."

"The Rifleman, Sir! he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That's the house," continued she, "and as I live, there's Mr. Johnson, up and well!"

The person pointed out, was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek.—"How are you Polly," said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street, "who's that gentlemen? eh! a messmate of yours."

"That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road."

"The supercargo, eh? Come, Mister, light and take something to drink."

I thanked the Captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined that, whatever other imprudence I might be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it—"take charge of a lady."

FOR THE ARIEL. TO A. C. H.

Oh! when again shall peace return
To that lone breast of thine?
How long shalt thou be doomed to mourn,
In grief how long to pine?

Shall fruitless sorrow longer hold
Its withering pinion o'er thee?
Shall smiling hope no more unfold
A path of bliss before thee?

Alas! those joyous hours have fled,
When first its wreath was wove,
And pleasure's halo round thy head,
Did but a meteor prove.

'Twas like a bright and sunny hour,
When every wind blows warm;
Which but foretells a sudden lower,
And marks the coming storm.

But W * * * n's gone, and never more
Those eyes of thine shall gaze,
As erst, insatiate o'er and o'er
His lovely form and face.

But may the clouds that now obscure
Thy sun, so flee away,
And may it shine in splendor pure,
Upon thy life's young day. J. G. W.

From the Village Record.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name;
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame:
Yet they liv'd quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the Ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streak'd the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up to labor, refresh'd for the day:
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it call'd up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from the top seem'd the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had return'd from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he repos'd from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there,

I have pass'd by his door when the ev'ning was gray,
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn,
On the neat little cottage, the grove, and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life
Were dross, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. John Grigg, of this city, has issued a very neat volume entitled "Poetical Quotations," being a complete dictionary of the most elegant, moral, sublime, and humorous passages in the British poets, by John F. Addington, who, tho' hitherto unknown to fame, has been adding to our stock of good books. The volume before us is the first of the series, and is alphabetically arranged, including the letters A to D. The advantages of this classification are numerous. As a book of reference it is particularly valuable, and should be found on the desk of every polite scholar, who may find any striking sentiment he desires to see illustrated in these pages; if, for instance he wishes to find a passage on his own "Conceit" of himself, he has only to look at the index, and turning to page 159 he will find—

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature—man!
How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing—himself.—Churchill.

The Book of the Boudoir.—Lady Morgan's last production bears this title, and a very good title it would have been, had she not told us in the preface, after saying in the preface, that the book was not worth a preface, that the word Boudoir is now banished from fashionable society. Lady Morgan holds, in our estimation, the same rank among female authors, as Southey does among the male book-makers; it is a trade with both, and we do most religiously despise a female money-making author, ready to sell the clothes off her back, and her pocket almanac, the one to make paper, and the other to make "copy." She says her publisher asked her for a volume, and she sold him her commonplace-book, which she was just depositing in the pockets of her carriage, no doubt at a good price, and no doubt, as she says, "just as the horses were putting to," she huddled this "unfashionable name upon its back." It is a rambling nothing, rignarologifaggarrononsensical jargon of things and matters of all kinds and persons, and as such, no doubt has had a run, and helped amazingly to grease Sir Charles's carriage wheels on "the road to France." We have had time to read enough to convince us that her remark, that the book was egotistical in the last degree, was unnecessary; for every one could have discovered it in ten minutes. It has one redeeming quality, however, which we must mention. It seems that "some good natured friend," as Sir Peter Teazle says, sent her a copy of John Neale's Yankee & "Boston Literary," as she calls it, in which the said John described a visit to my "Lady" at "2 P. M.," and gave her by no means a flattering look, calling her forty, and somewhat "Greenland Seal-like." She denies both John's acquaintance, his visit, and his picture, and appeals to Sir Thomas Lawrence to know if she looks at all like a Greenland Seal. She moreover publishes her protocol, "openly, frankly, and spiritedly," to the Bostonians to catch for her this "2 o'clock P. M. portrait painter." "this positive denunciator of the certain age of ladies who wish their ages to remain uncertain," "this Boston Literary," "and then leave her to dress him." She need not thus have sound'd John in the world—he will be as vain as an Indian of a new gem, and we prophecy he will shoot out of double barrels ever afterwards! But there is some pith in her conclusion about John.—She says "I guess, if there is one recreant American—(American by the accident of birth)—capable of such conduct as my Bostonian visitor 'at 2 P. M.' has exhibited, the whole order of gentlemen in America would disown this Arnold of American private society, as they did the political traitor who dishonored the region of freedom, by claiming it as his country." Now John is fairly caught; that is, he is caught in the meshes of the fair, and we leave him to extricate himself with as little floundering as possible.

The Pearl, a very neat and agreeable annual by Mr. T. T. Ash, has unfolded its silken wings within the week, and is now sporting the short but sunny day which fashion allots to this delightful species of literary novelties. The Pearl has been very greatly improved, both in point of embellishments and contents, as well as having its size considerably enlarged. It is intended principally for

the junior portion of the reading community, to whom it will be a most appropriate Christmas present. We understand the edition is large, and that the publisher has found a disposition in the public to be liberal, so that the whole number of copies printed will meet with a rapid and profitable sale.

Of the *Atlantic Souvenir*, it is said, twelve thousand copies were printed for this year. The number printed last year was nine thousand; so that, although the proprietor of one annual, (the *Remember Me*), has omitted to issue one for 1830, the public taste cannot be charged with being unfavorable to the growth of such charming annual visitants.

A biography of that remarkable young man, the Rev. John Summerfield, will be published in New York in a few weeks. It was written in England by John Holland, Esq. editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, a paper which acquired a most justly deserved reputation from the management of James Montgomery, the poet, and whom Mr. Holland succeeded. The latter was recommended to the friends of Mr. Summerfield by Montgomery, as a most suitable gentleman to write the history of his life. The most ample justice is done to the unrivalled talents and humble piety of the preacher, while the amazing effects produced by his unequalled oratory are happily exemplified in a variety of striking incidents which attended his career, both in England and America.

The *Form Book*, by a Gentleman of the Bar, just published by Messrs. Towar & Hogan of this city, has been laid upon our table during the week. It has been extensively and very favorably noticed in the newspapers, and though much has been said in its praise, yet a good deal more could be said to advantage. The Editor of the Press has pointed out its merits so judiciously, that we adopt his words, as they fully express our own opinion of the publication. "It contains nearly three hundred of the most approved Precedents, for Conveyancing, Arbitrations, Leases, Co-partnerships, &c. &c. The Book is handsomely got up; the paper is good and the type new. The forms are short, explicit, and such as are recommended by long usage, and what is more important, are sanctioned by our Courts. Those who are in the habit of contracting for buildings, or of occasionally employing many workmen, and who would avoid future trouble by a present well-understood agreement, and in the transactions of their business prefer to have writings signed by the parties, ought to obtain writings of this useful work. The forms are so clearly worded as to admit no doubt as to the meaning of the contract.—The possession of a book like this, might save many an honest, hard-working mechanic some hundreds of dollars. Instead of applying to Lawyers and Magistrates, to draw up articles of Agreement for them, they might, in this little work, find forms, which, with trifling alterations, would answer their purposes better, from being better understood, and also save them expense. In recommending to mechanics and working men the purchase of this volume, we do no more than justice requires to be done. Let them once ascertain its usefulness and value, and they will not be long before they avail themselves of the benefit to be derived from it."

The Editor of the *Journal of Humanity* is authorized, by a friend to the young men of our country, to give notice that a premium of \$50 will be given for the best Essay, addressed to the young men of our Colleges and Professional Seminaries, dissuading them from the use of wine, spirits and tobacco; the Essays to be examined and the Premium to be awarded by the Rev. Drs. Woods, Edwards, and Cornelius, of Andover, Dr. J. C. Warren, of Boston, and Professor Silliman, Yale College, New Haven, Conn. The Essays must be sent, free of postage, to the Editor of the *Journal of Humanity*, Andover, Mass., by the 1st of January, 1830; each Essay to be accompanied by the name of the author, under seal.

The *Biblical Inquirer*, a new religious paper, as its title indicates, is about to be commenced in New York by Mr. Jonathan Leavitt. It will be edited by Moses Stuart and Calvin E. Stowe, both clergymen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SCENE OFF BERMUDA.

The evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous, that the lieutenant of the watch had ordered the look-out at the mast-head down on the deck. The man on his way down had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sung out, 'A sail on the weather bow!' 'What does she look like?' 'Can't rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward.' 'Stay where you are a little. Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the foreyard.' Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the look-out again hailed. 'She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack; the weather clears, and I can see her now.'

The wind ever since noon had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling lulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea, the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing but her close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily, when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to the windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of his Britannic Majesty's sloop *Torch*. And, true enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendor, for, right in the wake of the moonlike sun, now half sunk in the sea, at the distance of a mile or more, lay a long warlike-looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the glorious horizon.

Jenkins now hailed from the foreyard, 'The strange sail is bearing up, sir.' As he spoke a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadening report of the gun, as if it had been an echo, by the sharp, half-ringing, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon, from the length of the range. Mr. Splinter, the first lieutenant, jumped from the gun he stood on, 'Quartermaster, keep away a bit,' and dived into the cabin to make his report.

Captain Deadeye was a staid, stiff-necked, wall-eyed, old first-lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney-cut, broad skirts, long waist, and a standing-up collar, over which dangled either a queue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it, it would have puzzled Old Nick to say which. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables, of what had once been kersey-mere, and long boots, the coal scuttle tops of which served as scuppers to carry off the drainings from the coat flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the 'last of the sea monsters,' but like all his tribe, as brave as steel; when put to it, as alert as a cat.

He had no sooner heard Splinter's report than he sprang up the ladder, brushing the tumbler of swizzle he had just brewed clean out of the fiddle into the lap of Mr. Savelle, the purser, who had dined with him, and nearly extinguishing the said purser, by his arm striking the bowl of the pipe he was smoking, thereby forcing the shank half way down his throat. 'My glass, Wilson,' to his steward. 'She is close to, sir; you can see her plainly without it,' said Mr. Treenail, the second

lieutenant, from the weather nettings, where he was reconnoitering. After a long look through the starboard blinker, [his other sky-light had been shut ever since Aboukir,] Deadeye gave orders to 'clear away the weather bow gun,' and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main rigging. 'All ready forward there?' 'All ready, sir.' 'Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—fire!' Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal: he had shaken a reef out of his topsails, and was coming down fast upon us.

It was clear old Blowhard had at first taken him for one of our own cruisers, and meant to *signalize* him, 'all regular and shipshape,' to use his own expression; most of us, however, thought it would be wiser to make sail, and to widen our distance a little, instead of bothering with old-fashioned manœuvres, which might end in our catching a Tartar; but the skipper had been all his life in the line-of-battle-ships, or heavy frigates: and it was a tough job, under any circumstance, to persuade him of the propriety of 'up-stick-and-away,' as we soon felt to our cost.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawned, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth; and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main deck, with his due quantity of carronades on his quarter-deck and fore-castle, whilst his short lower masts, white canvass, and the tremendous hoist in his topsails, shewed him to be a heavy American frigate; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main deck; but, in this instance the sound of the cannon was followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear we had got an ugly customer. Poor Jenkins now called to Treenail, who was standing near the gun which had been fired, 'Och, sir, it's badly wounded we are here.' The officer was a Patlander, as well as the seaman. 'Which of you, my boy: you, or the yard?' 'Both of us, your honor, but the yard the baddest.' 'Come down, then, or get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently.' The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan, no doubt, *calculated*, as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for an 18-gun ship close under his lee, but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

'All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter: that chap is too heavy for us. Mr. Kelson,' to the carpenter, 'jump up and see what the foreyard will carry. Keep her away my man,' to the seaman at the helm. 'Crack on, Mr. Splinter; shake all the reefs out; set the fore-topsail and loose top gallant sails; stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls.'

In less than a minute we were blowing along before it, but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand, with the freshening breeze under a press of canvass; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

'Clear away the larboard guns!' I absolutely jumped off the deck with aston-

ishment; who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzle of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard, through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shot and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water, and of the rising gale amongst the rigging. The men stood clustered at their quarters, their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trowsers on.

'Now, men, mind your aim: our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and as your guns come to bear, slap it right into his bows. Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind.' As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long guns in succession, with good will and good aim, and down came her fore-topsail on the cap, with all her superincumbent spars and gear: the head of the topmast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. 'That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail.'

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawned, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a sloop as ever floated, with a crew of one hundred and twenty as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron shower sped: ten of the hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded; but, by this time, we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after-sail, we could do nothing else; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of the head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other; thus, most of her shot fell astern of us; and before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her and carried her main-topmast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were: and as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through the night, expecting every lurch to carry our remaining topmast by the board; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our blood-stained decks, at anchor, off the entrance of St. George's harbor.

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell;
When tears are streaming
From their chrysal cell;
When hands are link'd that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!

The complaint by our Correspondent below, is by no means an uncommon one, and deserves the sympathy of the public. Should it be read by any of our female friends who have fallen into the same error, we trust it will have an effect to alter their habits of *excessive nicety*. We shall let our Correspondent tell his own story.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject of much interest to my personal comfort, and as your paper is regularly found on my wife's tea-table on Saturday evening, if you can be kind enough to make a few remarks on over cleanliness, perhaps it may have a good effect. I am married to a lady who is esteemed by her acquaintances as the very pink of a good house-keeper which was almost the only recommendation her mother gave her. Unfortunately, my ideas of good housekeeping and hers, are so different, that instead of a comfortable home, I am afraid to enter my own doors, on account of the extraordinary nicety of every part of it. We have a good modern house, furnished in every respect after my own heart, with the best and the nicest articles which money could buy; but the misfortune is, my wife is determined to keep every thing exactly in the state it came from the hands of the artist! What with mops and scrubbing brushes, dusting cloths and brooms, scouring rags and soapsuds, my house is daily turned topsyturvy to keep it clean! I could bear a general deluge once a week as well as most men; but if I seat myself in any part of the house after breakfast, I am chased from room to room, and finally into the street, by the ever-plying and never-ending routine. Not a speck of dirt is allowed to be seen on the floors, or on the front steps, for which reason, every person who comes to the house, besides scraping and wiping outside, is obliged to make his way through the entry over a series of mats placed to protect the carpet; and the approach to our parlors is by a hop, skip, and jump. We have two elegant parlors; but I never dare to enter them without special permission. Fire is not allowed in them, except on gala occasions, because it makes such a dust; and the whole family is obliged to eat in a little room six feet by ten, over the kitchen, which is also the common sitting room for myself, seven children, and their mother; it has no carpet, as that would catch the dust. A place less adapted to my ideas of *comfort*, you cannot conceive; and I am glad to go out of an evening, in order to make one less in this *nice, snug* little room, as my rib calls it; she allows me to go without hesitation, lest I should smoke in it, and fill the napkins and towels with tobacco. As to a spitting-box, or some such indispensable convenience, you might as well look for a pig in the parlor. The children, and even myself, are obliged to go up the alley to keep the front steps from being soiled, and the like caution is used by all the family, who never go without taking off their shoes, and even then we are obliged to walk as much as possible on one toe. Our sideboard is loaded with plate and glass, while we are compelled to drink out of earthen and tinware, to save the other for show. The parlor fireplace is filled with wood, which, by successive scrubblings, is so damp by the time a friend comes in, that it does nothing but sputter and smoke. I could enumerate a hundred other particulars, equally uncomfortable, which I leave you to imagine, and which I hope no others of your subscribers are subjected to; I have said enough however, to give you a text on which to descend, every particular of which is true to the letter. I have borne it now long enough, and am meditating seriously on an irruption into my own house, and taking possession of my own fireside, which I should have done long ago, were I not afraid of killing my better half by so savage a transaction. If you should ever come to see me, please to take notice that there is a pair of slippers occupying a conspicuous place near the front door, and please to pull off your boots before entering the parlor.* I am your disconsolate but constant reader, B. A.

* This was an unnecessary caution, as we nightly chew such nice places, and shall be careful to avoid our friend B. A.'s house, at least till he is master of it.—Editor.

The late President Adams is about to erect a white marble monument to the memory of his parents. It is to be surmounted with a bust of his father, and placed within the new meeting-house at Quincy.

LITERARY.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Our green table is generally covered about this time of year, with a flight of neat, pretty little gilt-edged volumes, which fall from the press about the season of frost, with a view of enlivening the winter evenings, which now begin to be long enough to make it desirable to while away the time. We must return our thanks to the donors in as few words as possible, and endeavor to return the *quid pro quo* by introducing them to the notice of our numerous subscribers.

The only annual worthy of notice which has come to hand, is the new *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1830. When we say it is not inferior in many respects to the other editions under the same title, we have paid it its merits a tribute which will be appreciated by all who remember those of past years. The first picture, "The Wife," represents a parlor, and my lady listening, with great attention, to her husband's voice, who no doubt is reading this very Souvenir. The engraving, by Durand, is soft and pleasing, and presents altogether a scene of comfort which might excite the envy of the most confirmed and illiterate bachelor. But it is on the second engraving that we would rest the claims of this little volume to patronage. It is called "The Village School in an Uproar," and a more pleasing and humorous specimen of the engraver's art we have not looked upon since the last view we had of Hogarth's prints. It is by *Ellis*, than whom our country does not boast a better, or more mellow and finished artist. It would be in vain for us to attempt to ask our ink to pourtray the scene of boyish pranks here delineated. It must be seen to be appreciated; the likeness of the schoolmaster, who is just entering the door, etched with chalk by one of the urchins, has all the comic resemblance requisite to raise a smile; the boy who has slipped on the master's gown and cap, and who is hearing in mock solemnity the others say their tasks, while a rogue on the back of his chair is emptying an ink-horn on his head, is a group of infinite wit and humor. The "Brigand," the "Parting Hour," and the "Cottage Door," are all beautiful. Longacre's "Three Sisters" are unworthy a place in the book, and the judicious purchaser will request a copy without this plate. C. W. Thomson's "American Eagle" is one of his best poetical productions, and the "Gipsying Party," by our City Collector, James N. Barker, is in his happiest vein. For the rest we leave our readers to select for themselves.

The *North American Arithmetic* also deserves a favorable notice, from its ingenuity and complete adaption to the objects for which it is designed. The plan is original and well executed. Each sum is illustrated by cuts of a character to fix attention, and arrest the roving fancy of the young student. We have no doubt it will meet the entire approbation of every teacher who honestly uses the book best adapted to his class of scholars. It is sold at No. 36 north Fifth street.

Towar & Hogan have just issued two neat duodecimos, written by Mr. Grimshaw, the one a compendious *History of France*, from the foundation of the monarchy, to the death of Louis 16th, interspersed with entertaining anecdotes, and biographies of eminent men; the other, the *Life of Napoleon*, with the History of France from the death of Louis 16, to 1821. They form, together, a most suitable course of history for those who have not leisure to peruse the more extended histories on the same subject, and are highly interesting and instructive. We observe they are stereotyped, and, of course, if their sale is as extensive as their just merits deserve, they can be sold at a moderate expense. We have read parts of them with much satisfaction, and freely recommend them to the patronage of a liberal public. Mr. Grimshaw is favorably known to the public as the author of a history of the United States, as well as one of England, abridged—both extensively used in schools, for which the books before us are well calculated.

We have exceeded our limits, and must defer till another day, several notices of other works of merit.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14.

The Praises of Rum.—This subject has been treated by an able pen in verse, but so much has lately been said against rum, and the temperance societies are pulling the spigots out of all the barrels which contain this nourishing drink, that we have concluded to take up the pen in its favor, confident of conquering all its opponents. We are induced to this course, also, by the dictates of justice and humanity, which leads us to take the part of the persecuted and oppressed. We step forward, then, to defend a much-injured character, whose enemies are becoming both numerous and formidable. Secret calumnies and public scandal private associations and public testimonies, ridicule and satire, poetry and prose, paragraphs and pamphlets, dreams and dialogues, and even prints, themselves, have been employed to set it at naught.

We shall not stop to refute the idle notion that the worm and the still are the inventions of the evil one; as no person acquainted with the virtues of their product can for a moment entertain such an idea. The use of Rum is not only very ancient, but almost universal. It is the *Arrack* of the East Indies, the *Gin* of Holland, the *Brandy* of France, and the *Whiskey* of England, Ireland, and these United States. Its properties and useful qualities may be enumerated thus:

Rum is an antidote to care, which every body knows is the portion of man. No sooner does this cordial thrill through the blood, than poverty loses its horrors, and the dun and the sheriff cease to be terrible. Rum is moreover the opiate of domestic troubles. A man and his wife of the most quarrelsome dispositions shall live in perfect harmony, and forget their injuries of every kind, while under its influence, provided they take enough to put them to sleep.

Rum is the fuel of courage, as we might, if we had time, fully prove, by reference to the police officers of this city. Who can doubt the courage of those lovers of rum, who brave the evening air so frequently, and are willing to lie whole nights in muddy gutters, without any exhibition of fear.

Another excellence peculiar to Rum is its specific virtue (as is generally believed) in preventing chills and fevers; without it, it is said, there would be no possibility of living in many situations we could name in this country. Hence the adage so generally adopted—

If you wish to inherit your father's lands,
Pray wash your throat before your hands.

The throat is always to be washed for chills with raw Rum. Its great utility in preserving farmers and planters from the damp and unwholesome air of the morning, has acquired for it the very handsome and genteel name of "antifogmatic;" and among the patents which we have it in contemplation to take out in due time, will be one to be called the *Fogrometer*, which is to be on the principle of a rain-gauge, exhibiting at a glance the quantity of fog in the atmosphere at sunrise, and the quantity of rum to be taken, will be graduated by gills, half-pints, and quarts.

Again, Rum is a truly republican liquor, for, like death, it is a universal leveller. It brings the judge and the charcoal merchant together in the same cellar, and it leads the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the editor, and the beggar, to meet on equal terms in taverns and tippling houses. While Rum, therefore, continues to be the drink of Americans, it will be unnecessary for Congress to exercise its powers of protecting each state in the enjoyment of its republican form of government, which will save the nation an immense sum in the cost of speeches. We have been told by some silly physicians, that Rum produces a great number of diseases, such as dropsies, palsies, epilepsies, apoplexies, tremblings, madness, and so forth. We grant this to be the case where Rum is drunk diluted with water, in grog, cocktail, and punch; but raw Rum never produces this terrible group of disorders, when it is taken in sufficient quantities; no man ever complained of them who drank his two quarts of Rum in a day; or, if he did, his complaints were of a temporary character, and of very short continuance. With a little parodying,

therefore, the words of the poet are strictly true—

A little spirits is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the distiller's spring.
For shallow draughts produce disease and pain,
But drinking deep dispels them both again.

Hail! then, great, ancient, and universal cordial! Thou art, as the French have it, the water of life; thou art the opiate of care, the fuel of courage, the enemy of chills and fever, the enemy of aristocratic pride, and the life and soul of republican forms of government. In spite of the ravings and declamations of cynics and madmen, doctors and temperance societies, may thy influence be perpetual in these United States! Whether a short or a long life await our country, may she never want the blessing of good and cheap Rum. If destined to live to future centuries, may Rum be the milk of her old age, as it is now the blessing of her youth; but, if premature death await her, may her misfortunes never be attributed to a too free use of Rum!

Very fair.—Mr. J. W. Weaver, of the renowned city of New York, draper and tailor, is eke a poet; after enumerating that "Ladies' and Gentlemen's gaiters are made to order;" that "Jackson patent stocks, of black and assorted colors, are sold wholesale and retail; fine linen collars, suspenders and gloves, German and English half hose, cheap for cash;" goes on in the following sublime strain:

He comes with a slow and stately step,
The ladies' smiles are round him,
To the window they all have slyly crept,
And their heavy hearts have crown'd him.

And who is he of that regal form,
That makes the Dandies tremble,
Who moves light a solemn moonlight storm,
When the lightnings all assemble.

Behold his broad brow's white expanse,
And the eye that flashes under,
As it looks at every Lady's glance,
Like a double-headed thunder.

And oh, what a most exquisite coat,
That manly form encloses,
And what a grand stock clasps his throat,
On which his chin reposes.

And what a graceful pantaloons,
The limbs' fine length half hiding,
In which its flowing outline's shows,
In walking or in riding.

And oh! when winter comes to bring
The Dandies all together,
The royal Spanish cloak he'll fling
In the face of the stormy weather.

And Fashion will kneel as he stalks along,
And beseech him never to leave her,
And to weave another Hickory song,
Round the head of her favorite—Weaver.

The Greyhound.—We have lately seen this beautiful breed of dogs in greater perfection than commonly found in this country, and strongly suspect the species is now as perfect here as in any part of the world, at least if the following odd couplets are to be believed, which accurately describe those which we have mentioned—

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Backed like a beam,
Sided like a beam,
Tail'd like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

Bishops' Sleeves.—The London New Monthly has a good article on this modern fashion, from which we make the following extract. We cannot believe any such patriotic motives have guided our American ladies in introducing this fashion, but on the contrary, are convinced it is only another vagary of the arch tyrant, fashion.

"The arm is confined in a bag. Confined, did we say? Yes, as Ulysses confined the winds, in a bag; confined to make a great blow out for the purpose of the adventurer. Two bags of huge dimensions, of the same material as the body of the robe, envelope the arms.—They are called 'Bishops' sleeves,' from their resemblance to those worn by the dignitaries of the church. Fashion, in its wildest flight, might have some determinate object in view. The ruffe might have been considered ornamental to a fine arm. It might be compared to the capital of the Corinthian column. The naked fashion might have originated in female vanity, ambitious to display the symmetry of a beautifully rounded limb: but how shall we account for this hideous fashion of bishops' sleeves? It is deformity personified. The finest figure, thus encumbered, loses all trace of human proportions, and might be mistaken for two pillow-cases hanging on a stick, so small is the space into which the waist is compressed between these appendages. A cry was lately raised that the Church was in danger. Have the fair mounted bishops' sleeves, as a sig-

nal of their determination to use their arms in its support! Our country women have been reproached with coldness and reserve; any body now may, without difficulty, creep into their sleeve. Pity has, its favourite dwelling in the breast of women. In that abode distress is ever sure to meet with sympathy, and the heart susceptible of love will beat responsive to the call of charity. After long meditation, I fancied I had found in this amiable disposition of the sex, a solution of the mystery. Sir Isaac Newton, on the discovery of one of the most abstruse secrets of nature that ever came within the reach of that extraordinary man, did not feel more pleasure. Oh! amiable woman! I exclaimed, you have heard the cause assigned by our statesmen for the distress now prevalent in the manufacturing districts; you have heard it ascribed to excessive production, and ministers declare their inability to supply a remedy. What the wisdom of Parliament could not achieve, you have accomplished; your sagacity has discovered that the consumption of the immense stock on hand would remove the evil, and your humanity has applied the proper cure. To your honour and glory you have adopted bishops' sleeves, in order to relieve the stores of the manufacturers of the masses of goods with which they are bursting; for this humane, generous and patriotic purpose, you have imposed a great expense upon your husbands and fathers, and inflicted upon yourselves a cruel injury in the disfigurement of your persons."

To "persons of taste and skill."—As the number of those who think themselves possessed of the above qualities is by no means small, we think it proper gratuitously to call their attention to an advertisement in the daily prints, which begins thus:

"Wanted immediately, two Persons who have taste and skill. References as to capacity and respectability will be required. To save trouble, none need apply unless qualified as above required."

We know that there are many of our acquaintances who will be able to give references of their qualifications "as above required," and we hope this notice may make them independent for life, and be the means of their rising to wealth and honor. There is only one line omitted, and as that is not a very important part of the notice, we have left it till the last. The applicants must understand "the Millinery business perfectly."

Robin Hood revived.—A company of twelve gentlemen of this city, have formed themselves into a club, and revived the old English amusement of shooting with the bow and arrow. They adopt the Robin Hood dress, and incur considerable expense in perfecting their implements, target, &c. It is a manly exercise and calculated to open the chest, and to relieve the system from the effects of sedentary studies. Their usual day of practising is Saturday, in the vicinity of Bush hill. The ladies, we learn, have given the plan their unqualified approbation; though we have not yet heard of any of them adopting the bow and arrow, as is not uncommon in England.

The London Courier says, the Americans are fearful that General Jackson's health will not hold out to the end, and that his friends in particular are greatly alarmed, as, in the event of his death, the Presidency reverts to Mr. Adams!! They overlook our Vice-President. What a cleansing of Augean stables we should have, if punishing enemies was to be the word on such a reversion! Rotation in office will become, we fear, a fixed principle with our countrymen.

New Weather Glass.—In the annals of science and observation, it is stated that an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather, has been adopted. "Two frogs are kept in a glass jar, 18 inches in height, and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather, the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state, climb trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. They are fed on flies, at the rate of one a day." This is the animal known in America as the Tree Frog.

A Russian General has the ominous name of General *Popeff*. This is not as bad as General Wigenwaggenhausen.

In our last paper we published an account of the celebration of the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Mr. Biddle's Oration has been published, from which, however, we have only room for a short extract.

"More than two centuries have passed since this work was contemplated by the earliest adventurers to the Chesapeake, one of whom, Sir James Argol, wrote to England in 1613, that he hoped to make a cut 'between our Bay and the Delaware.' About sixty years ago it engaged the public attention, but it languished among the dreams or the hopes of men, until within a few years it felt the impulse of that awakened spirit of improvement which since the last war has probably achieved more in this country, than the efforts of all Europe have accomplished in the same period. It was then that the concurring aid of private enterprise, of the liberality of the three states more immediately interested in its success, and eminently the wisdom of that congress, many of whose distinguished members gladden this assembly with their presence, produced the result which we are now enjoying. It will justify and perhaps increase that enjoyment, if we glance for a moment backward on its difficulties, and forward to its advantages. Its difficulties, like all difficulties, seem far less now they are vanquished, but we have this day seen enough to enable us to estimate them. We saw that mountain through which we glided so gently, rent widely asunder for many miles by human hands—we saw in its lowest recesses the ocean sands which so many ages have toiled to cover, glistening once more in the sunshine—we met there that vessel with all her lofty array of masts and spars, large enough to go forth and circumnavigate the globe, yet overawed as it were by those summits which frowned darkly down on that strange intruder. But this divided mountain, in itself a work of art without parallel in this country, was at least a calculable obstacle. A greater danger lay in those treacherous morasses which seemed to shrink as they were approached, and threatened to absorb in their obscure depths all that industry could accumulate there. It is an extraordinary fact, and one which I should fear to mention could it not be vouched for by so many who hear me, that some of the borders of the canal on which we this day trod so firmly, sunk to a perpendicular depth of one hundred feet, if not more. It was then that all the hazards of their enterprise crowded on the projectors of it. The original design had been reproached as visionary—its condition was then pronounced hopeless—and hopeless it would have been, but that the spirit of those who directed it, rising with the pressure of the danger, made every obstacle yield to the stubbornness of their unbroken resolution. It is their high reward that these anxieties are now crowned with success—it is our higher duty to testify, as I am sure all present will gladly concur in doing, our gratitude to those who never desponded when others despaired, and who have succeeded because they resolved to succeed, and deserved to succeed.

But these difficulties were not vanquished without great sacrifices. This canal is for its extent the most costly in this country, and with the exception perhaps of the frigate navigation on the Caledonian Canal, in any country. The expense has exceeded \$150,000 a mile: yet this expenditure, almost incredible as it seems, does not exceed the limits of a rigorous economy, since it will doubtless be repaid by its own productiveness."

Orthography.—A writer in the Catskill Recorder has been at considerable pains to make up the following paragraph, to exhibit Mr. Webster's style of spelling. He states it to be in strict accordance with the spelling of the quarto edition.

"The suveran remedy for unpopularity, is to cloke your own errors, and if you procede steddly, and inlist the admirers of pretense, you may make even a nusance tolerable. A traveller when he wishes to succede with the ignorant, makes his tung fly like a feather, and an encyclopedy is like a skain of twist to him. He will tell you that in his last cruse, he came near a catastrophe from a Turkish cutlas; that he has killed ranedeer in Nova Zembla, and that the ranedeer grow to a great height there; that he saw a chimist in New Holland, who could cure the toothake by the touch of his thum; that the highth of the mountains in Switzerland set his head aking by looking at them from a cliff in France; that the Turks lead their horses by a ribin, when they go to a mosk; and that the bridegroom is fastened to his bride by a thong of lether in certain other countries. He will praise the Chinese Tarif, and compare their mandarin to our sherif. He will let such a sluse of words upon you as to benum your senses. His elack is like a plow that overturns all your attempts to repli, and you can get no furrow from his service; even if you have the headake, to kill, not a crum of comfort can you get from him."

We learn with pleasure that a meeting has been held in the Northern Liberties, preparatory to making arrangements for instituting an Athenaeum and Library, which the increase and prosperity of that section of our city certainly requires. We know that there are many gentlemen resident in the Northern Liberties well qualified to preside over such an institution, and that there are thousands able to appreciate its benefits, no one can doubt. There is no place that we know of where subscriptions are more liberally given, and our own books exhibit an interesting array of readers from "up town." We cannot for a moment doubt that the establishment will prosper. Social libraries are a certain accompaniment and a sure presage of a refined state of society.

The following is the inscription upon a monument recently erected in Quincy, to John Adams and his wife, by their son John Quincy Adams.

LIBERTATEM AMICITIAM FIDEM RETINEBIS.
D. O. M.

Beneath these walls
Are deposited the Mortal Remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susanna [Boylston] Adams,
Second President of the United States.
Born 19-30 October, 1735.

On the fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his Life, Fortune and Sacred Honor
To the INDEPENDENCE of his COUNTRY.
On the third of September 1783
He affixed his Seal to the definitive Treaty with
Great Britain

Which acknowledged that Independence,
And consummated the redemption of his Pledge.
On the fourth of July 1826
He was summoned

To the Independence of Immortality,
And to the JUDGMENT of HIS GOD.
This House will bear witness to his Piety:
This town, his birth place, to his Munificence:
History to his Patriotism:
Posterity to the Depth and Compass of his Mind.

At his side
Sleeps till the last Trump shall Sound,
ABIGAIL,
His beloved and only Wife,
Daughter of William & Elizabeth [Quincy] Smith;
In every relation of Life, a Pattern
Of Filial, Conjugal, Maternal and Social Virtue.
Born 11-22 November 1774,
Deceased 28 October 1818,
Aged 74.

Married 25 October 1764.
During a Union of more than half a Century,
They survived, in Harmony of Sentiment, Principle and Affection,
The tempests of Civil Commotion;
Meeting undaunted, and surmounting
The Terror and Trials of that Revolution
Which secured the Freedom of their Country;
Improved the Condition of their times;
And brightened the Prospects of Futurity
To the Race of Man upon Earth.

PILGRIM,
From Lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn;
From Fancy's Dreams to active Virtue turn:
Let Freedom, Friendship, Faith, thy Soul engage,
And serve like them, thy Country and thy Age.

The Capitals D. O. M. are the initials of three Latin words: Deo, Optimo, Maximo. To God, the Best, the Greatest.

FOR THE ARIEL.

NOTES

OF A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK.
No. 2.

We arrived at Schenectady about one o'clock. As all the passengers in our stage were bound to Utica, one of the number proposed that he be appointed to bargain for our passage in one boat, as the opposition ran very high, or to speak more correctly, very low on the canal, and it required some policy, as we were soon convinced, to avoid imposition. As soon as the stage stopped at the Hotel, even before the driver with all his activity to undo the door, up stepped a large muscular fellow, and bawled out at the highest pitch of polite etiquette, "Gentlemen, do you go to the West?" "We do." "The packet starts at 2 o'clock, gentlemen; you had better take your passages and secure your births; only 3½ cents a mile, gentlemen, and two shillings a meal, with best accommodations, and a very su-

perior boat, gentlemen." "Hang his boat, gentlemen, don't take passage in her," said a second fellow, "I'll take you for less than half the money in a devilish fine boat, and charge you but a shilling a meal." By this time there were at least half a dozen more, all anxious for us to engage our passage with them at almost any price we pleased. But our Contractor very properly remarked, that he must see the boats himself before he would take passage in any. We therefore all sallied forth to the canal, which passes at right angles through the town. We selected a very superior boat of the Clinton Line, calculated to accommodate 30 persons. This boat is calculated for carrying freight, and the cabins are furnished in good style. The Captain actually engaged to take us to Utica, a distance of 89 miles, for one cent and a quarter per mile!! a York shilling for each meal extra, and to make no charge for births, which are a very necessary accommodation, as the boats run day and night. "Thinks I to myself" this will make up for the shaved dried beef, and prepared bread and butter. I had only time to take a casual peep at Schenectady, but it appears to be a thriving, pleasant town, and is located principally between the Mohawk and the Canal. Very few persons take the boats between this place and Albany, on account of the delay occasioned by the numerous locks. We "set sail by horse power," as the Irishman has it, about 2 o'clock, P. M. the horses being attached to a rope about 30 yards long, made fast to the boat amidships, with our ideas pleasingly elevated at the thought of travelling on the Grand Clinton Canal for the first time. The afternoon was cool and pleasant, and never was I more delightfully situated as a traveller than on this occasion. A majority of my companions were western merchants, well informed respecting the localities and prospects of the country we were passing through, and ready and willing to give the required information. The Canal, this afternoon's passage, has been for the most part immediately on the south bank of the Mohawk, which flows through a narrow valley of good land, but the hills on either side, unlike the Chester county high grounds, have a poverty-stricken appearance.

At the close of the twilight we arrived at Schoharie creek, distant 23 miles from our place of embarkation. This is the first place of danger I have yet observed. The creek is about 30 yards wide at this place, and is crossed by means of ropes stretched across the stream, which ropes are your only security; should they give way, you must inevitably go down the current and pass over a dam immediately below, of several feet perpendicular descent. In times of a freshet it is very dangerous. Two or three boats, like the Indians over the falls of Niagara, have already been forced involuntarily over it, and so far in safety. The horses are ferried over in scows, pulled by the same ropes. As darkness soon covered the face of nature, I retired to the cabin, and after sketching my observations, and enjoying a pleasant confab with my fellow travellers, retired to my birth, while our boat skimmed its peaceful way along this artificial and wonderful water communication.

LITERARY.

Tales of Humor and Romance, just published by Messrs. Carvills, New York, are spoken of as being of the most interesting order. They are highly praised by many of the eastern newspapers, and the Edinburgh Scotsman speaks of them in the following language—"Holcraft has executed his task extremely well; the Tales are good; the translation, which has evidently been a labor of love, is free and spirited, and bears internal marks of correctness, which may satisfy those who never saw the original." Blackwood's Magazine says—"the author has displayed great taste in his selections, and has acquitted himself well." The Commercial Advertiser, whose taste and judgment are entitled to the highest respect, says, "We have found this volume highly interesting: the attention is excited throughout, and fully gratified in the end."

The numerous friends of the free-trade system will be gratified to learn that a neat volume of 200

pages has just been issued from the Press at Richmond, entitled *Lectures on the Restrictive System, delivered at the Senior Political class of William and Mary College*, by William R. Dew. It is thus noticed by the National Gazette—"It seems to be a full, elaborate, and erudite discussion of the important subject. The learned author disclaims party feelings and views: he has endeavored to combine theoretical and practical considerations; he believes his statements to be at least fair and unprejudiced throughout."

Among the many other works reprinted by those enterprising publishers, the Messrs. Carvills, of New York, we perceive they have just completed an edition of the *Public and Private Correspondence of the late Admiral Collingwood, with Memoirs of his Life*. This volume has been eulogized most liberally in all the respectable English literary periodicals, from the columns of which some extracts found their way into our newspapers. It includes many prominent incidents of political and naval history, and presents to the world the character of that distinguished officer in the most favorable light. His letters to his daughters are remarkable for the touching fondness which he exhibits towards them, in laying down rules for their conduct through life, and are at once models of fine writing, as well as useful essays, fit to be perused and re-perused by every American lady.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By a glance at the reluctant rhymes of "B." we are convinced that he toils like a blacksmith at his anvil of poetry. The muse does not visit him unbidden. We can see him blowing the bellows of his ungracious task, when he is defrauded in his vain hope of the bright thought and the lucky expression. He must learn some better patent.

"Barney" has lost himself in a wood of obscurity. A vein of humor sometimes appears in his essays, but—

'Tis under so much filthy rubbish laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-woman's trade,
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.

We perceive that "Lucy" is an old coquette, and advise her to think more of her tombstone and less of her toilet.

An old friend, (from whom we this week received a kind letter,) and who, when the editor conducted a rural paper, furnished him with poetical ornaments, both bright and durable, is earnestly entreated again to delight the public with the gaiety of his wit, and the splendid sallies of his imagination.

"Henry" has read Tristram Shandy to great advantage. We should be pleased to receive the remainder of the manuscript:

"We sometimes love jollity, frolic and fun,
We relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun."

The articles furnished by "J. W. S." are regarded with as much consideration as he claims for them: and we regret that a want of the necessary finish prevents us from obliging one who appears so anxious to oblige us. His next attempt should be in prose.

"Sigma" is received, and shall appear in our next.

The lady who has exhorted the Editor to "loving kindness" in criticism, and to gentleness and mercy to the fair, is sincerely thanked for her liberal epistle, signed by the high and endearing title of "A real friend."

The paternal and salutary hints, communicated by the anxiety of a valued and sincere friend, he will perceive we have attended to; and according to our measure and ability of health, we shall endeavor to follow the spirit of his advice.

"Demophilus" is too wordy. A prolix essay, is a fugitive paper, terrifies Indolence, and is not always perused by powers of a higher order, even the patient and persevering. We desire and always welcome short and pithy communications.

"Lelia" is too complimentary. Did she hope in this way to deceive us into the belief that her essay was original? She may see the same thing in Miss Seward's letters.

THE BORDERERS.

In anticipation of the publication of the new novel by Mr. Cooper, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, we insert to-day two extracts which we find in the London Literary Gazette. It will be seen that the same power is manifested which wrought up some of the scenes in the "Last of the Mohicans," to so high a pitch of interest. It may be necessary to premise that the Indian youth alluded to in the first extract had been made prisoner, and was in some degree softened by the kindness he received from his captors.

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing round the place, and the loud and often-repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifices by which the savages had so often endeavored, in the early part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisados. A few scattering shot, discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun on the block-house was silent, for the Puritan knew too well its real power, to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached as near as may be on earth, to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment the feelings of a mother were likely to revive; and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of the conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had left in the security of the chambers. 'Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children,' said the nearly breathless woman, as she entered the room. 'Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations.' 'Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother, thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!' 'The heathens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put brands into the dwelling while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt, my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and thy brother in thy prayers?' 'I will do so again, mother,' whispered the child, bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garments of the matron. 'Why hide thy countenance? One young and innocent as thou mayst lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence.' 'Mother, I see the Indian unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm.' 'Thou art not just to Miantonimoh, child,' answered Ruth, as she glanced her eye to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shaded corner of the room. 'I left him with thee as a guardian, and not one who would wish to injure. Now think of thy God, child, imprinting a kiss on the cold, marble-like forehead of her daughter, 'and have reliance in his goodness. Miantonimoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector,' she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth. 'Mother!' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!' 'Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct. A glance shewed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the

glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. 'Mercy! Mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child!' The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a fell certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise an Indian, broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and gesture with which the boy had interfered, expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm, collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing. 'Go,' he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had sprung, 'the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name.' 'The snow is red with the blood of our young men,' the other fiercely answered, 'and not a scalp is at the belt of my people.' 'These are mine,' returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to show that he extended protection to all present. The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade, to be easily diverted from his purpose. 'Listen!' he continued, after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again belloved in the uproar without. 'The thunder is with the Yengeese! Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole.' For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed, and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness, again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in accents of despair—'Boy! boy! if thou art not with us, God hath deserted us!' 'She is mine,' burst fiercely from the lips of the lad. 'Hear my words, Wompahwiset: the blood of my father is very warm within me.' The other paused, and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eye-balls of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he dare to disregard the mediation. The lips of the warrior severed, and the word 'Miantonimoh,' was uttered as softly as if it recalled a feeling of sorrow. Then, as a sudden burst of yells rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and, abandoning the trembling, and nearly insensible child, he bounded away like a hound loosened on a fresh scent of blood. 'Boy! boy!' murmured the mother, 'heathen or christian, there is One that will bless thee!—'

One more scene, and we must leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, and also to his curiosity. They are attempting to bear the children from the flames.

"When the young Indian had rejoined the party in the dwelling, he led them, without being observed by the lurking band that still hovered in the smoke of the sur-

rounding buildings, to a spot that commanded a full view of their short but perilous route. At this moment the door of the block-house half opened, and was closed again. Still the stranger hesitated—for he saw how little was the chance that all should cross the court unharmed; and to pass it, by repeated trials he knew to be impossible. 'Boy,' he said, 'thou who hast done thus much, may still do more. Ask mercy for these children in some manner that may touch the hearts of thy people.' Miantonimoh shook his head; and pointing to the ghastly corpse that lay in the court, he answered coldly, 'The red man has tasted blood.' 'Then must the desperate trial be done! Think not of thy children, devoted and daring mother, but look only to thine own safety. This witless youth and I will charge ourselves with the care of the innocents.' Ruth waved him away with her hand, pressing her mute and trembling daughter to her bosom, in a manner to show that her resolution was taken. The stranger yielded, and turning to Whittal, who stood near him, seemingly as much occupied in vorant admiration of the blazing piles, as in any apprehension of his own personal danger, he bade him look to the safety of the remaining child. Moving in front himself, he was about to offer Ruth such protection as the case afforded, when a window in the rear of the house was burst inward, announcing the entrance of the enemy, and the imminent danger that their flight would be intercepted. There was no time to lose—for it was now certain that only a single room separated them from their foes. The generous nature of Ruth was roused; and catching Martha from the arms of Whittal Ring, she endeavored, by a desperate effort, in which feeling rather than any unreasonable motive predominated, to envelope both the children in her robe. 'I am with ye!' whispered the agitated woman, 'hush, hush ye, babes! thy mother is nigh!' The stranger was very differently employed. The instant the crash of glass was heard, he rushed to the rear; and he had already grappled with the savage so often named, and who acted as a guide to a dozen fierce and yelling followers. 'To the block!' shouted the steady soldier; while with a powerful arm he held his enemy in the throat of the narrow passage, stopping the approach of those in the rear, by the body of his foe. 'For the love of life and children, woman, to the block!' The summons rang frightfully in the ears of Ruth; but in that moment of extreme jeopardy her presence of mind was lost. The cry was repeated; and not till then did the bewildered mother catch her daughter from the floor. With eyes still bent on the fierce struggle in her rear, she clasped the child to her heart and fled, calling on Whittal Ring to follow. The lad obeyed; and ere she had half crossed the court, the stranger, still holding his savage shield between him and his enemies, was seen endeavoring to take the same direction. The whoops, the flight of arrows, and the discharges of musketry, that succeeded, proclaimed the whole extent of the danger. But fear had lent unnatural vigor to the limbs of Ruth; and the gliding arrows themselves scarce sailed more swiftly through the heated air, than she darted into the open door of the block. Whittal Ring was less successful. As he crossed the court, bearing the child entrusted to his care, an arrow pierced his flesh. Stung by the pain, the witless lad turned, in anger, to chide the hand that had inflicted the injury. 'On, foolish boy!' cried the stranger, as he passed him, still making a target of the body of the savage that was writhing in his grasp; 'on, for thy life, and that of the babe!' The mandate came too late. The hand of an Indian was already on the in-

nocent victim, and in the next instant the child was sweeping the air, while with a short yell the keen axe was flourished above his head. A shot from the loops laid the monster dead in his tracks. The girl was instantly seized by another hand, and as the captor with his prize darted unharmed into the dwelling, there arose in the block a common exclamation of the name of 'Miantonimoh!' Two more of the savages profited by the pause of horror that followed, to lay hands on the wounded Whittal, and to drag him within the blazing building. At the same moment, the stranger cast the unresisting savage back upon the weapons of his companions.—The bleeding and half strangled Indian met the blows which had been aimed at the life of the soldier, and as he staggered and fell, his vigorous conquerer disappeared in the block. The door of the little citadel was instantly closed, and the savages, who rushed headlong against the entrance, heard the fitting of the bars which secured it against their attacks. The yell of retreat was raised, and in the next instant the court was left to the possession of the dead.

'We will be thankful, for this blessing,' said Content as she aided the half-unconscious Ruth to mount the ladder, yielding herself to a feeling of nature that said little against her manhood. 'If we have lost one child that we loved, God hath spared our own child.' His breathless wife threw herself into a seat, and folding the treasure to her bosom, she whispered rather than said aloud—'From my soul, Heathcoat, I am grateful!' 'Thou shielded the babe from thy sight,' returned the father, stooping to conceal a tear that was stealing down his brown cheek, under pretence of embracing the child—but suddenly recoiling, he added, in alarm—'Ruth!' Startled by the tone in which her husband uttered her name, the mother drew aside the folds of her dress, which still concealed the girl, and stretching her out to the length of an arm, she saw that, in the hurry of the appalling scene, the children had been exchanged, and that she had saved the life of Martha. Notwithstanding the generous disposition of Ruth, it was impossible to repress the feelings of disappointment which came over her with the consciousness of mistake. Nature at first had sway, and to a degree that was fearfully powerful. 'It is not our babe!' shrieked the mother, still holding the child at the length of her arm, and gazing at its innocent and terrified countenance, with an expression that Martha had never yet seen gleaming from eyes that were, in common, so soft and so indulgent. 'I am thine! I am thine!' murmured the little trembler, struggling in vain to reach the bosom that had so long cherished her infancy. 'If not thine, whose am I?' The gaze of Ruth was still wild, the working of her features hysterical. 'Madam—Mrs. Heathcoat—mother!' came, timidly, and at intervals, from the lips of the orphan. Then the heart of Ruth relented. She clasped the daughter of her friend to her breast, and nature found a temporary relief in one of those frightful exhibitions of anguish which appear to threaten the dissolution of the link which connects the soul with the body."

The end of the second volume is somewhat languid; but the third will bear comparison with the very best of Cooper's works. The young Indian chief, the regicide, the English girl with all the habits and feelings of an education among the Indians, the stern old Puritan, are perfect of their kind; and it is in the belief that their interest will be as our own, that we recommend this work to our readers.

MISCELLANY.

HORRORS OF WAR.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.—Leipzig has ceased to exhibit any marks of the dreadful battle which thirteen years since raged in and around its walls. Till within a short period, the balls which entered the walls of some of the houses were visible, but all vestiges of the carnage in the city have been obliterated by their demolition, and by the repairs they have undergone. Of this contest the inhabitants still speak with horror. They were surrounded by nearly eight hundred thousand men, who brought into action more than a thousand pieces of artillery. The villages around them were daily sending up their flames to heaven, and nothing was heard but the roar of the cannon, and the shrieks of the dying. Every house, tower, and public edifice, was covered with spectators looking with intense anxiety for the result of this conflict. In the smoking villages they thought they saw their own approaching ruin. The wounded were brought into the city from hour to hour, till almost every house was converted into a hospital. The number of these soldiers only increased the sufferings of the inhabitants. Their provisions were nearly consumed, and with difficulty could the inhabitants who remained procure food to satisfy the wants of the moment. As day after day rolled away, they looked in vain for the result of this tremendous conflict. Famine began to stare them in the face, as the French troops pressed into the town. The final hour arrived, and the retreating French left the city, amidst one of the most awful scenes of carnage which the sun has ever beheld. The little bridge which crossed the Elster was the only passage for their troops. Towards this the allies directed a battery of cannon until it was choked up with the dead bodies of the enemy. At last it was blown up, and twenty thousand French who remained behind compelled to surrender. A French cavalry officer informed me, that he crossed the bridge when this battery was sending forth its deadliest fire upon it. The dead and dying were then piled up to the parapet, and over them he eventually forced his way, the feet of his horse occasionally sinking down between the bodies, as when passing through a marsh. The only vestige which remains of this conflict is the luxuriance of the soil on that part of the plain surrounding Leipzig, where the battle was the most severe.

VENTILATION.—A very effectual mode of ventilating a close room, is to open the window, and then move the door quickly backwards and forwards. Let any one try it in a bed-room, and he will see by the waving of the curtains, both of the windows and the bed, how forcibly this pumping of air acts. The nonsense about making people hardy by exposing them to cold air, ought to meet with no quarter—for comfortable sensations are necessary to health—but every one ought to inculcate the free use of *fresh air*, and by the pumping process we have described, fresh air may be sent into every hole and corner of a house in two or three minutes. It is especially productive of comfort in a dining-room, when the cloth is removed, by dissipating the fumes of the meat, and restoring a cool and pleasant temperature.

MARRIAGE.—The Edinburgh Literary Journal gives a comical description of wedded life, which some persons, perhaps, may think too true to make a joke of. Look, it says, at the great mass of marriages which take place all over the whole world; what poor, contemptibly common place affairs they are! A few soft looks,

a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, or a stage coach, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm, looking at water falls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine—the wife sits on one side of the hearth and the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasure, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

THE KILL-AND-CURE DOCTOR.—A trial came on during the last Lent Assizes, whilst the Judges were on circuit, in which an ignorant country surgeon was the principal witness for the prosecution. Of course, in his cross examination, the counsel for the defendant attempted to shake his testimony; and, as the case turned on a point of practice, for this purpose he principally relied on the fact that he was an interloper in the medical profession, and totally destitute of surgical skill. 'Pray, Doctor,' said the advocate, in a voice of thunder, 'did not — (naming a former patient,) die under your hands?' 'Why—he did.' 'And —?' 'Ye —yes.' 'And —?' 'Why—I can't deny it!' 'Well, sir, and what was your occupation before you presumed to intrude into a liberal profession?' 'I was—a—bacon-curer, sir.' 'A bacon-curer!' exclaimed the counsellor, his stern features relaxing into a smile, 'then that accounts for it; you thought it was with your patients as with your hogs—you must kill them before you could cure them.'

An octogenarian nobleman, having invited Lord Shaftesbury and another friend to dine with him, took occasion immediately on the removal of the cloth, to say, that his object in asking them to dine, was that he might obtain their opinion as to the propriety of marrying his housekeeper. My Lord, said Lord Shaftesbury, you may as well not keep us in suspense, we see you are married; pray present us to her Ladyship. Well, replied the noble host, I am indeed married; but I wished before informing you of it, to hear your opinion. On retiring, Lord Shaftesbury was asked by his companion, how he could have divined, as he did, that their entertainer was married. "Because," was the sagacious reply, "no man who had not already committed such a folly, would have asked advice concerning it." The second illustration was from the memoir of Cardinal de Retz, and related to the famous Turenne, and his great compeer, Conde, then in the Spanish service.—The French and Spanish armies were in face of each other—the Spanish strongly entrenched.—On a given day, Turenne gave out to his council of officers, that on the next day at one o'clock, he would attack the Spanish camp at a given point which was the strongest of the line. An officer expressing his surprise at the hour and the point of attack designed, was thus answered by Turenne: "It is true, another part of the camp is weaker, but the command of that point is confided to Conde, who never sleeps, whereas, the strongest point is commanded by the Spanish General, who will, at the hour named, be taking his nap. When our attack is made, an officer will be despatched to arouse him. He, relying on the strength of his position, will not believe the account, or think it only a feigned attack, and will send for further information; by the time that reaches him, we shall have carried the defences." The event fulfilled, in every

particular, this calculation of a master mind. The last illustration was from our own history, and from one of its greatest names, Judge Chase. This eminent individual was presiding at Baltimore, at the trial of some rioters. At the close of the proceedings, in a very crowded court, he directed the constables to convey the prisoners to jail. The constables, appalled by the aspect of the assembled multitude, after some hesitation told the Judge that it was more than their lives were worth, to execute his order. Judge Chase immediately sprang from the Bench, directed the Clerk to enter Samuel Chase as Constable, and then approaching the prisoners, bade them follow him—ordering the crowd to make way for their constable—and conducted them, without opposition or difficulty to their place of confinement. In all these cases, superiority and success were founded upon close observation and study of the human mind, and of the causes which affect and control its operations.

In Russia, it is by no means an uncommon circumstance to hear two persons accost each other in the following dialogue, by way of salutation: "I beg leave to acquaint you that your nose is freezing;" to which the other probably answers, "I was just going to observe to you that yours is already frozen." On such occasions both the sufferers stop, and reciprocally perform on each other the operation of rubbing the afflicted part with a piece of stuff, or sometimes with a handful of snow, in order to restore the circulation of the blood. After this service mutually rendered, the parties separate with the usual ceremonial bows and salutations.

IF HOPE BE DEAD.

If Hope be dead, why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give?
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,
If Hope be dead—say! what are you?
Love without Hope! It cannot be.
There is a vessel on yon sea
Bedalm'd and careless as despair,
And know—'tis hopeless Love floats there.
Life without Hope! Oh! that is not
To live, but day by day to rot,
With feelings cold, and passions dead;
To wander o'er the world, and tread
Upon its beauties; and to gaze
Quite vacant o'er its flowery maze.
Oh! think if this be life: then say
What lives when Hope has fled away?
Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life,
Which older would have sunk and died
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But, cursed with length of days, are left
To rail at Youth of Hope bereft.
And Beauty too—when Hope is gone,
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And seen without this borrow'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile, the gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refin'd,
Faint semblance of that purer mind—
As gold dust sparkling in the sun
Points where the richer strata run?
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold reality,
And, with a death-like smile, they say,
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"
Thus Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's bright'ning hue,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
Why seek to live if Hope be gone?

A Paris bookseller is advertising poems by the King of Bavaria: with the addition of others by his son, Prince Maximilian.

In Harrisburg, a meeting of Bachelors who are 25 and upwards, is called, to ascertain how they shall make themselves comfortable next winter.

One Henry Wait, having failed to appear at a court in Ravenna, Ohio, last month, to answer to a charge of having forcibly attempted to kiss a young lady, forfeited his recognizance, \$30.—"Kissing goes by favor."

THE ORACLE.

QUESTION.—I have been married five years; and last winter I discovered that wife and me were very poor company for each other, inasmuch that we were very apt to fall asleep over the fire by eight o'clock in the evening. Pray advise me of some method by which we can become as entertaining to each other, as before marriage, when twelve o'clock seemed too early to retire.

ANSWER.—Alack! poor human nature! We have a strong suspicion that your case is not a solitary one, though we should hope otherwise. As we cannot hope to make you young again, we have only to advise that you endeavour to fix upon some course of reading aloud, which, while it is sufficiently entertaining to keep you awake, will also instruct you and wife. If this does not answer, go to bed when the sleepy time comes on, and try it again next evening.

QUESTION.—I wish to know whether every man can become a lawyer in this country, provided he can get some member of the bar to move for his admission?

ANSWER.—Yes, almost any man; the facility with which lawyers are admitted, is matter of surprise to foreigners—no examination, no trial of their powers is entered into, and the public must find out for themselves whether they have any talent or not. The public should be guarded by some process against the admission into the honorable ranks of the bar, of mean and worthless characters.

QUESTION.—I am a housekeeper, and for twenty years was never annoyed by cockroaches, till the present season, and am almost overrun with them; pray how does it happen that I should thus have escaped, and all at once be eaten up with them?

ANSWER.—We can resolve your question very easily. You have lately got in a winter's supply of wood, in which the eggs of the roaches were concealed. We are well pleased you did not ask us how to get rid of the vermin.

QUESTION.—Was there ever such execution practised in England, as hanging in chains alive?

ANSWER.—Yes: about three hundred years ago; and some few instances within two hundred years. Relations are not uncommon of persons eating their shoulders, and as far as they could reach in other directions, to preserve life a little longer than it was possible otherwise.

QUESTION.—I have seen an ancient picture, painted some hundreds of years, exhibiting a lady sitting upon the grass, and an old gentleman lying upon her lap, and at a little distance three men walking down from a castle on a hill; underneath the picture was written these verses:

Madam, I pray you unto me show
Who you three be, if them you know,
That come from the castle in that degree;
What is their lineage and affinity?

To which she answers—

Sir, the first by my father's side is my brother;
The second is so on the part of my mother;
The third is my own son, a clever born chap;
All sons of my husband now lying in my lap,
Without hurt or lineage in any degree.
Tell me reason how can this be?

Will Mr. Oracle please to resolve this riddle?

ANSWER.—This may be resolved several ways; the most probable seems to us this: Her husband by whom she had the last child, might be once her father-in-law, by marrying her mother-in-law; and both father-in-law and mother-in-law might have either of them a son by prior marriages, which is distant enough, and answers the question. It might be answered in other ways, but as we do not design to trouble our heads about genealogies, shall give it up.

Shocking Accident.—At the exhibition of the American Institute, in New York, the crowd was so very dense, and every particle of it so anxious to be in motion, that a lady became entangled in the convolving mass, and before she could get into the proper current, her hat was smashed as flat as a pancake!

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